Father and the Lamb

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Father and the Lamb

by KatherineKrawl

Summary

Hannibal has to hide away from the world for a while, and does so by becomes a Priest in a Catholic church. Will is a very troubled, very beautiful young man, who comes to the church almost every day to pray. What he doesn't do, however, is confess his sins to Father Lecter, and Hannibal aches to know why.

And then he turned his head to meet Hannibal's eyes with one of his. "I just want to be a decent, normal man."

The words shattered, fragile like a thin layer of solidified sugar, and Hannibal watched the man close his eyes and lower his bible, as he pressed his back against the back rest of the chair. A wounded bird.

Hannibal enjoyed crushing those wounded birds. This time, however, the notion alone was enough to make him ache.

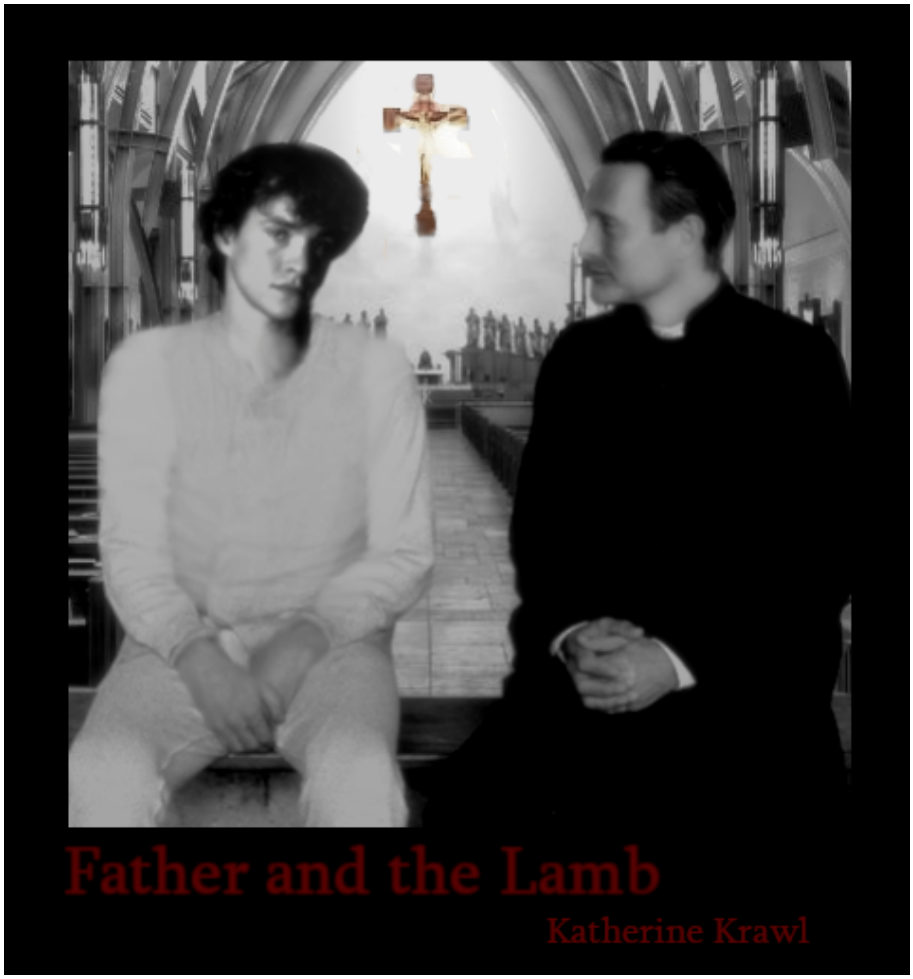
"Normality is never feared," he said, as he turned himself towards the broken angel beside him. "...nor is it celebrated."

Notes

I wrote this as a little fun side project for myself, because seeing Mads as a Priest in At Eternity's gate made me itch to write something about Hannibal and Will in church! Will is in his early 20's and Hannibal is in his 30's. I hope you enjoy it!! Love you guys!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1



The fuse of the candle lit with the kiss of a flame, and Hannibal cradled the dancing little spark with the hollow of his palm. All candles flickered brightly at the altar, and with a huff from his lips, the candle in his hand died with a dancing curl of smoke.

He inhaled the scent, enjoying the taste that lingered on his tongue.

He turned, and watched the painted ceiling of the arched dome and the stained glass lights play with the features of Christ on the cross. The church was quiet, gentle, peaceful, and he enjoyed those afternoons. Those afternoons *he* came to pray.

Will Graham had slipped into one of the rows near the front, with a bible clutched in his trembling hand. He kneeled, and his long, chestnut curls hid those magnificent, blue-green eyes. His skin was pale, but for his rose kissed cheeks, and with angelic features of a real-life celestial being, Hannibal had never been able to stop his eyes from wandering to the young adult that graced him with his divine presence nearly every day.

Never before had a human being made him ache with want.

This church was Hannibal's, as it had been for four months. Needing to evade suspicion, he had chosen the position of Priest for himself, as it allowed him the wonders of art, music, wine. The insight into the darkest corners of people's minds. It suited him, as did the black robe that stopped only above his Italian laquer shoes, and the white collar against his Adam's apple. It was a proper fit, for the time being. And once the police had forfeited their urgent search for him, he would move on to other things.

But now, Will Graham was inside his church.

Hannibal couldn't stop himself from pushing his hands over his slicked back hair, as he moved along the rows of chairs. His footsteps were a soft echo within the acoustic space. A handful of people were scattered across the aisles, hands folded, eyes down, or up to the ceiling. Some of them moving their lips, or fighting against the tears in their eyes. He knew their secrets. All of them.

He halted beside the curly mop he so desired to tangle his hands into. *His* secrets, he could only attempt to guess. The sound of his footsteps died, as ocean eyes came to look up, and reflected the sunlight that brightened the interior.

“Father Lecter,” the gentle bell of his voice sounded softly through the space, and Hannibal watched those ears tinge pink. Rosebud lips trembled ever so slightly, as did the folded hands on the chair.

“Hello Will,” Hannibal said, smiling gently down at the work of art he had painted and drawn many times already. Curves and lines as if created by Michelangelo himself.

“How are you?” he asked, as he curled light fingers around the kneeling man's shoulder. A shiver trembled from the man's back, into Hannibal's hand.

“I...” Will stuttered as he looked up through wild, angelic curls and searched for the words.

Hannibal squeezed the bony shoulder lightly with his fingers before he withdrew the touch. “Every day, I watch you come in and pray until your knees are bruised,” he spoke, allowing his accent to roll thick in his mouth as he watched the boy shift hastily on his legs. Rising to his feet with ears as red as his plump lips.

“I watch you as you sit in the back row during Sunday service, without your father present.” Hannibal's voice was a quiet murmur between the walls of the church, but loud enough for Will to hear him, as he clenched his bible and faced him, flustered.

“He...” the boy mumbled, lost, but unable to drop his eyes from Hannibal's gaze. He was only slightly shorter than the Priest, but the narrowness of his frame and the hunch in his stance made him look that much smaller.

“But I never see you in the confessional,” Hannibal said, eyes warm, smile encouraging, voice soft like a song.

And *that* was what bothered Hannibal Lecter. Will had never, not once, come to confess his sins. Sins that obviously troubled his mind enough to eat away at him. Not once had he come to trust Hannibal with them.

Will looked at him through wide eyes and long lashes, as his bottom lip worried between white, blunt teeth. He looked shocked, as color rose high on his cheekbones, and little drops of perspiration formed along his hairline.

Will was frightened, Hannibal knew.

Again, he reached to touch him, and placed his hands on the other man's arm. “Wouldn't your troubled mind be eased if you confessed to the church what it is that's on your....”

- “No.”

The interruption was unexpected from the soft spoken, shy boy. But the word was spoken with strong conviction, before those ocean eyes dropped to the stone tiled floor.

“Forgive me, Father,” he breathed, and the words made Hannibal's stomach pull tight. “No. I cannot confess.”

Those eyes shifted with unease, and Hannibal could see the young man's hands shaking. Early twenties, still living with his father... he looked like nothing but a boy. He acted like it, too. But Hannibal had seen him, that very first time he stepped into the church, and he heard the bells of his power.

He wasn't weak. He was leashed.

And Hannibal feared it was his faith that leashed him.

“We all have something to confess, no matter how small or insignificant,” he said, waving his hand as if confusing Will's words for something else. As if he had heard Will tell him he had, indeed, nothing to repent for.

But Hannibal knew, young Will had a secret. And in the long life ahead of him, Will would have many more.

“I can't. I can't...” the boy said, shaking his head repeatedly as his hair brushed against his face. His eyes lightened, as the rims grew red, and his hands clenched against his stomach. Their eyes met, and pink lips pushed determinedly against those small, white teeth.

“This is something I will have to figure out by myself,” he said, before his eyes flashed to the painted ceiling, where Jesus looked down upon them. “And with God.” Will's white button-down shirt was staining sweat around the pits, and Hannibal felt the itching desire to bury his nose inside to inhale the scent of innocence and fear.

Instead, he smiled, as if unaware of the poor boy's panicked state. “There is no need to be frightened, child,” he spoke, and felt a thrill running up his limbs at the use of his classic phrase. “God forgives all sins of those who repent.”

Something sharp flashed over Will's lovely features, as his hands started to fumble before his chest. “I-I don't...” he spoke, barely audible, “...*repent*.

Those big, red-rimmed, water filled eyes looked up at Hannibal, with the thick frame of long lashes, and the Priest had to swallow back a deep inhale at the sight of those roses, cream and chocolate, those azure pools of pain.

“I sin every day, Father,” the boy choked, as his hands came to clench at his sides. “Again and again and again, and I just can't seem to stop.” Tears shone bright in the corners of those eyes, but the back of a stubborn hand wiped at them before they could fall.

Hannibal lifted a hand, unable to stop himself from cupping the trembling jaw on the sweet, broken boy. Those rosy lips parted in a gasp, and black pupils pushed wider at the contact. Hannibal watched that plump bottom lip quiver, and wondered how ripe it would taste in his mouth.

“If only you would confess...” he whispered to the boy, leaning in, but without crossing the boundaries into the obscene. They were not alone.

But Will shook his head in his touch, without pushing the fingers away. “Confessing is only going to make this worse,” he spoke huskily, a plead in his voice as a pink hint of tongue brushed along his lower lip.

Hannibal was mesmerized by the sight and watched Will take a shaky breath, as his eyes swam wet and burned with the reflection of the candlelight. “I just need to pray, and pray, and pray, until one day...” he whispered, leaning into the fingers on his jaw. Starving. Hannibal felt the light stubble beneath his fingertips and only barely resisted the urge to stroke.

“One day?” Hannibal asked, hearing his voice crack like sandstone.

Will swallowed, and Hannibal watched the bob of his throat with hypnotized hunger.

“At least I'll know I've tried,” the boy said, as he blinked those luscious lashes, and released one tear that fell along the rosy smoothness of his cheek.

Hannibal's thumb caught the wetness, as it seeped into his skin, and he withdrew his touch from the young man's face as if the feeling had woken him from a trance.

Their eyes stayed, deep, full, until the sharp scrape of a chair along the stone floor disrupted the silence of the church.

Will blinked, wiped his eyes, and quickly reached for the bible, abandoned on his chair. “Good evening, Father,” he mumbled, eyes down as he hurried past Hannibal to the high arch of the double door.

Hannibal watched him go, struck by the way the boy moved as if gravity was pressing upon him.

“I will see you tomorrow, Will,” he spoke beneath his breath, as he brought his thumb to his lips, and sucked the salty tear into his mouth.

**

Hannibal came down the curved steps of the pulpit with his book of Psalms under one arm. The choir was practicing, and dozens of pure, clean voices mingled and harmonized against all high corners of the room.

Beautiful.

There had been more members; two of them, that had been off-key or had a crack in their voice that imbalanced with the otherwise perfect performances. He had taken care of that.

He turned the corner, and nearly bumped into a man, standing right behind a pillar.

“Will?” Hannibal said, as his eyes fell on the shorter, slender figure before him. Dressed in yet another white collared shirt, dark gray slacks and worn, weathered dress-shoes. Will.

The boy looked pale beneath the fluster, as he clutched the messenger bag hanging from his shoulder. “Father Lecter, I am so sorry...” he gasped, eyes wide on Hannibal, as he took a quick step back, and walked into another pillar.

“No need for that,” Hannibal quickly assured him, as he reached to stabilize the wobbly-legged boy with a hand on his elbow. The touch made Will's arm jolt, but he didn't pull away.

“The choir is practicing. Did you come to pray?” Hannibal asked him. Dark curls, pure skin, but it was those eyes that seized him. The potential, the beauty of the mind that was held captive within.

Will never came to church on Wednesdays. Not when the choir was singing. Will liked the silence.

Hannibal watched the pink lips move without a sound, as the ocean eyes clung to him with a desperation that gripped hard at Hannibal's gut.

“Did you come to confess?” he asked the man on a gust of breath, as his fingers flexed on the bone of his elbow. Hannibal wasn't used to being affected by another human being in such a way. It was... prepossessing.

“No,” the boy said, shaking his head with wild eyes beneath the mop of curls. “No.”

He stepped away, his arm slipping from Hannibal's loose hold, and turned around the pillar. For the second time in two days, Hannibal watched him flee from the church with hasty steps.

And under Christ's watchful eye from the ceiling, Hannibal had to stop himself from chasing after, blocking his way, grabbing his chin and kissing him until every secret spilled from those ruby lips.

Not because he didn't know them, but because he wanted to taste them unfold within them both.

**

He wasn't praying. Will Graham was sitting in the back row, as he stared up at the altar with unseeing eyes. His bible was closed, tucked in his lap by his folded hands. His shoulders swayed lightly, and his head was tilted gently to the left, as if listening to music from the organ behind him. But in truth, the church was silent, and nothing but Hannibal's footsteps could be heard against the high ceiling.

“Will,” he said, as he approached the boy from behind. He watched the shoulders tense and the head turn in the direction of his voice, but Will stayed seated in his chair, which Hannibal found encouraging.

The chestnut brown shone like silk in the light of the lowering sun, and Hannibal wished to bury his nose right in the hollow where the skull meets the neck. Soft, warm skin.

“I see you here so often, you've become as much a part of this church to me as my bible,” Hannibal spoke friendly, as he lowered himself onto the seat beside the young man. The worn shoes shuffled on the stone, as Hannibal's pristine dress-shoes, peeking from beneath his full, black robes, aligned with them.

The boy's profile was clean, pure beauty, that every man and woman alike would envy. Not ever before had he encountered a creation so clearly sculpted by the hands of God. The young man did not meet his gaze, but his eyes blinked rapidly, as he held his bible to his chest.

“I... I shouldn't come here this often,” he confessed quietly, as his fingers pressed into the leather cover of his book. “It only makes things worse.”

The boy sighed wetly, as he pressed the book to his forehead, and leaned his elbows on his legs. “I'm so weak,” he breathed, pain and tears in the sweet flow of his voice. Lost within his own torturous mind.

And then he turned his head to meet Hannibal's eyes with one of his. “I just want to be a decent, normal man.”

The words shattered, fragile like a thin layer of solidified sugar, and Hannibal watched the man close his eyes and lower his bible, as he pressed his back against the back rest of the chair. A wounded bird.

Hannibal enjoyed crushing those wounded birds. This time, however, the notion alone was enough to make him ache.

“Normality is never feared,” he said, as he turned himself towards the broken angel beside him. “...nor is it celebrated.”

He resisted the urge to touch the knee that almost grazed his, wrapped in beige slacks that showed a hint of ankle above the navy socks.

Will hugged his bible like a teddy bear, as his eyes narrowed with confusion. “Life is not a celebration,” he said, huffing like a stubborn child as he peeked quick glances at the Priest beside him.

Hannibal smiled. “Is it not?” he asked mirthfully. “I think it should be.”

Hannibal had never saved a broken bird before. He had never had to be this gentle, this careful not to drop what he wished to cradle in his hands.

Will's shining lips tightened, as his eyes lowered to his lap. Hannibal's lap. Back to his.

“Some things should only be feared,” he spoke with conviction, as he nodded his head to underline the statement. He was a child, raised with the words and wisdoms of the bible alone. No mother to love him, no father to guide him. Nothing but the words of the holy spirit.

And the bible held no wisdom for a creature such as Will. The words didn't fit him, and left him naked and vulnerable, here in Hannibal's church.

“Fear is of the unknown,” Hannibal told him, as his hands gripped the seat of his chair. “Once discovered, there is nothing but joy or disdain.”

Will's ears moved when he frowned, and Hannibal felt a tickling sensation rise from behind his ribs. Adoration. How he wished he could taste around the shells with his tongue.

“Neither is unjustifiable,” he said instead, and watched the boy turn to him with that deep frown pushing his dark brow low over his eyes. Hannibal remembered the feeling of that jaw against his hand, searching out warmth like an abandoned puppy dog.

But the ocean eyes burned with righteousness as he said: “Some things are just wrong.” Cream and roses and chocolate curls. “Plain and simple.” Hannibal felt a squeeze of pleasure around his spine as Will's voice sharpened, and his teeth clenched inside his mouth. “Some things are nothing but sin.”

His fire was more smoke than flame, but the potential to burn hot was evident. Hannibal parted his legs slightly wider beneath his robe, until his knee slid against Will's.

The boy had so much to learn, and Hannibal ached to teach him right like he knew no one else could. No one could polish the diamond that was Will Graham, until it would catch the light from all godly angles.

"*Sin*, is to forfeit living the life and tasting the world God has blessed us with," he said, pointed but quietly, as he brought out one finger beneath Will's chin. Forcing the young man to look at him, to bear himself, and to see into his eyes. Hannibal smiled at the lost flutter of confused hope he saw there. "If you choose the path that brings you joy, you honor God with your passion for his creation."

The boy blinked, and Hannibal could feel his knee trembling against him as he suddenly looked very tired. As if his only wish was to close his eyes, and nuzzle into the hand that held his chin. Give in, surrender. But he sighed instead, and blinked his eyes dry.

"Some things are just wrong," he persisted, and boldly pulled back his face from Hannibal's hand. The boy was passion, from his toes to his crown, and Hannibal wished to see it unleashed.

"What kind of things?" he asked, raising an eyebrow and feigning innocent interest. The repressed, bewildered look in those gems of eyes made his chest tight with a need to swallow the boy whole, just to have all of him as close as anything could possibly become.

Will lifted that sweet, sharply lined chin. "*Killing* is wrong," he said, and Hannibal wondered what that light stubble would feel like on his tongue. What that peachy skin would feel like, freshly shaved in the morning, or grown blue late at night.

He crossed his legs, and folded his hands over his knee as he traced Will's words inside his mind. "And yet God kills us every day," he said, looking at Will down the bridge of his nose, and dealing warm strokes with his gaze. "Pointless, cruel deaths."

The swallow that rose his pale, smooth throat was mesmerizing to Hannibal, who rested his eyes on the vulnerable flesh and muttered: "He crashes church roofs on singing nuns, and planes filled with families into the ocean." Cream skin paled to milk, and Hannibal smiled softly at the speeding, pulsing vein in the slender neck. "Do you believe he does not enjoy that?"

Will breathed past those moist, open lips, and Hannibal could see the fragile shoulder shudder beneath his shirt. Glistening eyes were blown wide, showing Hannibal there was more to the heavy breathing than fear, or repulsion.

Nevertheless, the boy protested, shuffling his feet, and twitching his head with restless energy. "God does not enjoy..." he stammered, searching his words with rapidly blinking lashes. His curls shook around his temples, light and soft like feathers.

"It's the *Devil* that...."

The Devil. Hannibal smiled at the prattled words as he reached out, unable to resist, to place his thumb on Will's smooth forehead, as the hand cupped the hair around his face. Softer, still, than he had envisioned it.

“The Devil is in here,” Hannibal breathed, as his eyes met ocean deep and wide. His own body felt light with warm tingles that spread from his chest, as he placed his other hand over the boy's heaving chest. “God is in there.”

The thumping heart was loud and fast beneath his touch, as they sat together closely, breathing as one.

“Get out of your head, Will.” He said, taking back the thumb that had pressed against the boy's head. “That is where your destruction lies.”

When Will gathered his bible with hasty, trembling fingers, and all but stumbled out the entrance door, Hannibal wondered if he would ever see the boy again.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

But when Hannibal walked past the wooden box, and saw one of the white curtains drawn, he was surprised. He hadn't heard anyone come in on this late Thursday afternoon, and when people entered the church to speak with him, they would usually come and find him first before taking a seat in the booth.

Now, the curtains were drawn, and the shadow of a silhouette could be seen through the fabric.

Hannibal stepped inside the other entrance, and closed his own curtain as he sat down. His chest felt light with sparkling flutters and his gut drew tight when he flashed a quick look through the grating between them.

“Hello Will,” he said, and heard a quick inhale coming from the other side. Hannibal didn't usually greet people in the confessional by their name. There had to be a sense of anonymity.

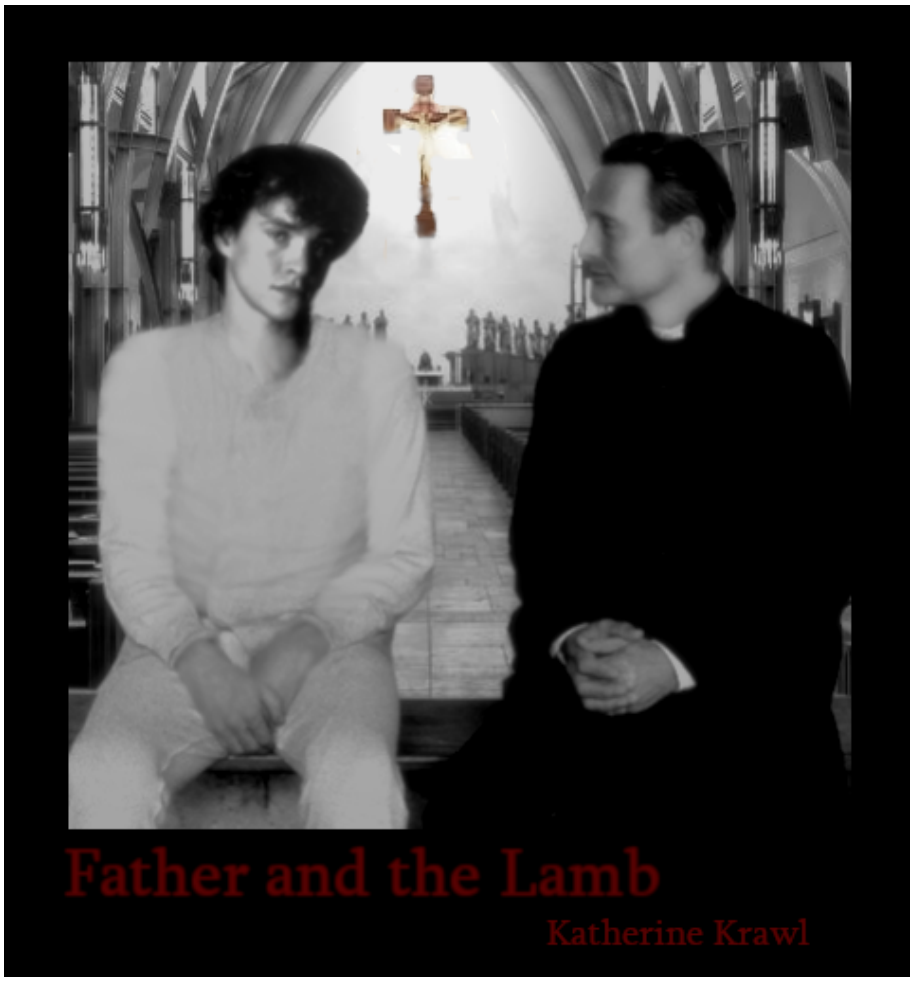
Not this time. Not between *them*.

A small, forced sound formed the young man's words: “F-forgive me father – for I have sinned.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Father and the Lamb
Katherine Krawl



Confessions were made most often on the weekend days. The Friday afternoons, Saturday mornings, and Sundays after lunch. Hannibal kept the cubical open throughout the entire week, however, encouraging the masses to come and untangle their cobwebs of sin for him. He enjoyed the trusts, as he enjoyed the insight into the weak, human brain.

People came to him every day. Dozens of them. New, young, old, true sinners and people that could only confess to childhood cookie rampages.

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A small, forced sound formed the young man's words: “F-forgive me father – for I have sinned.”

Oh

Hannibal felt a thick pleasure drip down his spine, and closed his eyes as his head rested against the wall. The boy was back, and ready to expose himself.

He had returned to him.

“Have you really?” Hannibal asked, voice void of the curiosity that had been eating away at him for nights on end. He stretched his legs beneath his robe, giving room to all the sensations that coursed through the veins beneath his skin. Will Graham amazed him.

And no one else amazed him like Will Graham.

The boy's breath hitched, before Hannibal could hear blunt nails being dragged over cotton pants. “I've been having... unpure thoughts,” the boy breathed from the other side. “I've been having them for a while now, and I...”

Will had come to surrender, and Hannibal licked his lips as he listened to the struggle within the boy's stunning mind.

“...I can't stop.” Will's words were a quivering sigh, and Hannibal straightened on his bench as he stretched his hands along his thighs.

“Tell me,” he demanded gently, as he resisted the urge to touch the grating between them with his fingers. The boy shuddered on the other side, as a wet exhale sounded through the confessional.

“It's...” he started, stuck on words, phrases, lines. Once out, it could not be unsaid. Hannibal waited, until nothing followed.

“Nothing is forced to hide in the dark beneath the roof of this church, Will. You are safe here,” he encouraged with a lightness to his gentle tone. Probing where he knew the boy would feel it most: “I'm not your father. I will not judge, or condemn.”

There was no sound from the other side, but Hannibal could still see the shape of the young man. He was sitting with his hands folded on his knees, and his shoulders hunched forward. Hannibal wondered briefly if he was praying, but then his voice rang through the silence. “Are you, in this moment, a vessel to God's ears?” the boy asked him. Fragility that made Hannibal's heart squeeze with tenderness.

“The ears are my own,” he replied, a smile pushing on his lips. “God does not require a vessel to hear you, Will.” His words were truthful, undressed, unlike other times he had encouraged people to reveal their minds to him. *He*, Hannibal, was listening. Not God.

“It is *you* that needs to speak, and be heard, by living, breathing flesh,” he said, because how many times had the boy prayed and prayed, and walked away as empty as he had entered? He needed answers, vocalized by a human mouth.

“By you,” the young man whispered in the darkness of the poorly lit room, and Hannibal's toes curled in his shoes.

“By me,” he answered, and watched the outline of angelic curls tremble on the little bench. Will Graham breathed deeply, and released the air as a pushed stream through his nostrils.

“I've been having impure thoughts...” he spoke, his voice cracked like thin glass, “...about men.”

Hannibal's abdomen clenched at the words. This confession was more innocent than he had imagined, knowing the darkness that hovered behind the boy's troubled eyes. Will had yet to discover himself, but these tender words tugged at Hannibal's heart with a pure, new form of true desire.

“When did this start?” he asked, voice clean from the pressure that built in his veins. Will dragged up his nose, once, before he answered.

“Long ago. The years of my early adolescence,” he said, tongue thick with flustered insecurity and shame. Hannibal could see those fingers lace in the curls, hiding his face in his hands. “I've never acted on it. I always knew how to suppress it.”

Again, a wet drag of the nose, and Hannibal wondered if tears were leaking from those azure pools to stain the peach-fuzz on the boy's cheeks. He watched him shake his head in his hands.

“I prayed, and prayed, and I came to every Sunday service...” he muttered, inhaling wetly in the silent space. “And it worked.”

Hannibal's eyes were glued to the vague form of the boy, who pushed himself to sit back up. It *hadn't* worked.

Will had fooled himself.

“I tried dating girls, as my father expected, but...” A deep sigh broke the sentence, and Hannibal could feel his crooking fingers digging into his own legs. Will had tried to date girls to please his neglectful father, and he felt the boy's unease like a clenching fist in his own gut.

“I didn't want them,” Will said, as his head dropped back against the wall. Hannibal imagined his eyes closed, and envisioned himself kneeling between those parted knees. “Not like that.”

“Who *did* you want?” Hannibal asked, sliding his eyes down the silhouette of that perfect upturned nose.

Will rolled his head against the wall, until their eyes could almost meet through the grating, if not for the shadow of the darkness that hid his features like a lick of black paint.

“I...” the young man hesitated, overwhelmed by the direct nature of the question, and Hannibal was quick to brush it aside. He didn't want to stun the boy to silence.

“When did prayer stop working?” the Priest asked instead, as he folded his hands on his lap. “When did this suffering start?”

There was the thudding of a shoe hitting wood, before the boy shuffled on the bench and breathed a fast reply. “Four months ago.”

Hannibal was becoming more and more aware of how this robe left him barelegged beneath the thick fabric of the clerical attire. Nothing but socks and underwear.

His head was swimming, delighted and impatient. It was as he had hoped.

“When *I* came to the church,” he said, his voice a gentle stroke, a kind hum, as if luring a frightened dog. Luring him out to reveal more.

“Yes.” The word was a hiss from between Will's straight teeth, and Hannibal licked his bottom lip with anticipation.

“Tell me why,” he said to him. The air had become thicker to breathe.

Will inhaled, clutching the front of his shirt with one fist. “I saw you...” he said, and scraped his throat as if the words were choking him.

“You saw me...” Hannibal repeated. Soft, round on his lips, and almost swallowed whole in the air of his breath. The temperature rose within him, around him, like he knew it did in Will.

“I wanted you,” the young man forced from his throat as if the words further broke him to pieces. Because it was real.

Hannibal tasted the confession like wine on his lips. Divine. It wasn't always that a man would get what he wanted in life. That *it* would find *him*.

Only when it was right.

“How did you want me?” he asked, and heard the fragile words from his lips with wonder. He was burning for this boy.

“In the ways God forbids us to want,” Will answered, a sob pushing up like a bubble from his throat. But the words didn't stop flowing from those pink, plush lips.

“I longed to feel your skin, to kiss your lips, to feel your arms around me...” he said, every syllable standing out against the thick, heated silence as the whispers burst from his teeth, tongue and lips. Hannibal longed to taste those words, and see if they were as bitter as Will presented them to be.

The boy sighed, and rubbed hands over his eyes, his cheeks. “I'm wrong for feeling this way, but I...” he stammered, and Hannibal jerked up on his seat, hands clenching the bench. Ready to tell Will just how wrong he was *now*.

But the young man's head snapped in his direction, fiercer, a sharp angle to his chin. “Everyone adores you, you know,” he said, as if the words hurt his mouth. “They all think you are so righteous, so kind and strong and wise,” Will all but spat, as the sound of nails scraping against wood rose from his side of the confessional.

“I know there is more to you than what you show the world, Father.”

Hannibal closed his eyes when a convulsion of pleasure waved him deep within his blood and bones. Will Graham saw him. Will Graham knew him. Hannibal had waited all of his life to be seen, and here his suffering would end. Will could see him through the veil.

“You're not the man of God they take you for,” Will accused, and Hannibal hummed his contentment between their wall. Relishing in the young man's voice like the melody of a psalm.

“You recognized something in me, Will,” he answered, as he watched the figure behind the grating with hooded eyes like flickering flames. “Something that lives inside you, too.”

The boy's heartbeat was so loud Hannibal could almost hear it over the blood that filled his own ears. He smiled, and felt his teeth showing through his opening lips. “Something you have denied yourself.”

Will's pressed himself hard against the back wall, and Hannibal could feel the wooden cubicle rattle under the force.

“You are *sin*, in more ways than one,” Will breezed, shoulders hard as Hannibal watched the tense curve of muscles leading to the boy's neck.

Will turned his head, as if unwilling to see his shadow through the blurred little window that separated them. “No one else sees you. Everyone here loves you, Father,” he said, a tremble in the strong muscles of his tongue.

Hannibal allowed one finger to brush the frame of the grating between them, and warmth pooled beneath the waistband of his boxer-briefs.

“But you want to love me in a different way,” he spoke, daring to coax the boy's unholy thoughts from his perfect mind, and longing to hear about the place Will had made for him there.

The boy's arms wrapped around his thin frame. “My dreams and thoughts are haunted by these...” he lingered, as if the words that followed where too thick to pass his throat. “...immoral fantasies.”

Hannibal wished he could have seen those ocean eyes when those luscious words left pink lips. “And what is it you dream of?” he asked, tasting the syllables on his Lithuanian tongue. The boy's head fell to his chest.

“I dream of your eyes, you hair, you lips, your hands...” he spoke to his knees, rattling off the list as if it had happened before he had been able to stop himself from speaking what pushed forth inside his mind. His head lifted, and his hidden eyes shifted back to Hannibal.

“Do I touch you?” Hannibal breathed, brushing fingertips up the grating with a pathetic longing that he wouldn't scold himself for. Never before, had he longed like this.

Will kept his gaze on Hannibal's shape, as trembling fingers came up to touch his own, rosebud lips. “You touch me, beneath my clothes,” he breathed, dazed, as if surrendering his broken will. “You kiss me. You...”

The boy gasped, as if the images in his mind threatened to pull him under. He had fought them so long, denied their existence, and here he was now pushing them out for that one man to hear.

Hannibal felt the heat in his chest coil down as he parted his lips. “Don't be frightened, Will,” he sighed, longing undisguised in the quiver of his tone.

Will heard it too, because he straightened that frightened back with careful, heeded curiosity. His voice was a pointed whisper as he said: “Your hands slide beneath my shirt, into my trousers.” Hannibal could almost feel the flustered heat coming from the boy's skin. The boy's breath caught in his throat. “...and you feel how a-aroused I am beneath my u-underwear.”

The words didn't pool, but sliced straight through the thick robes around Hannibal's body, right into the tight heat that coiled like growing flames beneath his skin. He closed his eyes, and felt his treacherous body betray his need and lust beyond his own control. Never before had he been owned

by another human's desires. Never before had he been in doubt of where he would allow another person to take him.

Will had him, Hannibal Lecter, in the palm of his trembling, frightened little hand.

The boy swallowed, before he pushed out: “You praise me for it,” with a high tone that betrayed his embarrassment. Something so ungrounded.

“Yes,” Hannibal couldn't stop himself confirming, floating on the young man's words and feeling a pull in his core to, indeed, praise Will Graham for his beautiful imagination. But the boy gritted his teeth, and pushed his knuckles against the bench.

“But I don't deserve such praise, Father,” he hissed, weak with pain and shame. “I am an abomination.”

The words were repeated from memory, rather than fabricated by the pure brain behind the chocolate curls. Hannibal's jaw tightened as they echoed in the small space.

“Is that what your father tells you?” he asked him. He had known about Will's absent father. When they had met, he had seen the narrow, shallow pools behind those beady eyes, and had known within an instant the man had not looked after the boy since the day his mother had walked.

“He's right,” Will said, and Hannibal wondered what it was the boy would think if he would find his father being carved and crafted into one of those rocking chairs he enjoyed so much.

“Those very words are an abomination, Will,” he hissed, adding heat to the words as he brought his face closer to the grating. “You are God's child, and nothing about you is made wrong.” He inhaled, smoothing one hand over his slicked hair as he traced the lines of Will's shape with his eyes. “You are perfection.”

There was a pause from the other side. A hesitation in the stroke of Will's gasping breath. His head was down, his shoulders trembled.

Hannibal watched the boy with a crawling need, but waited in silence to hear him speak. Not many before him had given Will Graham that silence.

“I desire a man,” Will found his voice, cracked and hushed and barely moving past his lips. “An older man.” Those fingers entangled in his soft curls. “A man of the church.”

Will gasped his own pain as his hands pulled at his hair. Regret. Disgust.

“And what happens now?” he asked Hannibal, a bite to his tone as he dragged up his nose, and pushed his hands back over his hair to brush it back. “Will you tell me I'm forgiven?” Feet shuffled against the stone floor as the young man kept both hands on his head, spread his arms wide and leaned back hard against the wall. “Will you tell me I can be cured by God's forgiveness?”

Hannibal's fingers curled into a fist, that pushed hard enough against the grating to mark his skin with small rows of squares. “You will be cured,” he spoke sternly, as he narrowed his eyes at the foolish words. “I will not rest until you are cured of this self-hatred and doubt you carry within.”

The boy shuddered, but Hannibal didn't allow his protest. “Will, what you desire is no sin. What you desire is affection, love and passion. Flesh and red blood.” Hannibal looked at the boy, and felt

anger. Such a beautiful creature with a mind that surpassed this world. A place beyond humanity, that existed in Hannibal, too. And it had been corrupted, fenced and marked, until the angel had been reduced to doubt and fear of things that drank his spirit dry.

“A perfect normality for a man your age, Will,” he spoke, as his free hand pushed against his thigh.

“A normality for my *age*, yes,” Will scoffed tearfully from the other side. “But I desire it with you.” Two mouths breathed dry, heavy air. “*That* is the problem.”

Hannibal huffed a silent smile, as he felt his stomach pull tight with a flutter nothing shy of teenage hormones. “I don't see that as a problem at all, Will.” He confessed, a feverish stroke over his words. “I see that as a completion of a perfect circle.”

The heat that had filled him before expanded, bled to every curve and corner. Never before had he felt such desire too cherish and worship, rather than destroy.

“Father?” Will asked, the words rattling in his tense jaw.

Hannibal knew that words were limited, no matter how well-chosen, and how well-received. There were things more powerful than speech. “Come to me, dear Will.” He breathed, and listened to the silence on the other side.

Hannibal's compartment in the confessional was larger. Offered more comfort. Hannibal stood.

There was the creaking of wood, the footsteps on the stone floor, and then, the parting of the curtain. Will was there, standing in the entrance with the light in his back, and his features cast in shadow. An angel. A fallen angel.

“So beautiful you are,” Hannibal hummed with heat and praise as he reached out his arms for Will to step into. But the boy hesitated, lingering in place as his hands clenched the curtain.

“N-no,” he said, shoulders high and eyes wide, as he looked at Hannibal with desperation flooding those sweet ocean eyes. There were tear marks on those blushing cheeks, and pain furrowed in the wrinkles of his forehead.

“You don't understand,” Will said, shaking his head and blinking those long lashes.

“I'm in love with you.”

The words were raw and naked, sharp and deep, and Hannibal felt himself bleed as they pushed into his vulnerable flesh. This was dangerous. This was brutality in all the ways it could harm them both. And of course, it was what they were both created for.

He took a step forward, slow enough to keep the boy from flinching, as he offered out one hand and said: “If you fear I'll break you heart, know that we are much alike.” He smiled ever so gently at the pushing eyebrow that moved up the young man's forehead. “God pointed me towards you, and since the first time I laid eyes on you I knew you were meant to be mine.”

Pink lips parted, showing Will's front teeth, as the boy gasped air through his rough, dry throat. His eyes flickered from Hannibal's fiery gaze, to the offered hand before him as the fear in him mingled with something that was both caution, as it was hope.

Hannibal breathed a long breath through his nostrils.

“And if you dare to claim me, I'll be yours.”

Will's teeth clenched as his hands released the curtain. Again, he blinked, as his eyes moved restlessly in their sockets. It was only after a brief pause that he dared to meet Hannibal's eyes.

“You want me?” he asked him, fragile and skeptical and desperate and lost.

Hannibal watched the perfect shape of the boy's jawline. “Want is not strong enough a word.”

Will took one step in on wobbling legs, and closed the curtain behind him. He still didn't seem to understand, and it pained Hannibal to know that if his beautiful mind had not been blinded since birth, he would have seen it all in Hannibal's eyes. He would have surpassed him in greatness already.

Will hugged his arms around himself as he stammered: “B-but you're a Priest. You serve only God.”

Hannibal looked down his nose at the smaller, younger man, and answered:

“I serve the God in my own chest. Not the one on written pages.”

Will's eyes shifted. His fingers flexed against his arms. “Blasphemy,” he mumbled weakly, but the words held no outrage. Shock, but no disdain.

Hannibal tilted his head, hoping to catch Will's restless eyes. “That's what your mind is telling you.” And with that, he dared to reach out and place a hand on the boy's chest; above his folded arms, and over his racing, jumping heart.

“And what is *this* telling you?” he asked, and watched Will's eyes finally shooting up to stay straight on him. The arms fell to his side as their eyes connected, deep, whole, hot, and Will's feet let them one step closer to each other.

Their connection broke through the glass of Will's defense, because he shattered before Hannibal's very eyes, and showed the dark, sharp sense of need, longing, behind the cracks of that sweet unworldly boy. He inhaled before those rosebud lips spoke to him: “My heart tells me it's beautiful.”

Around them, Hannibal could almost see the rain of stained glass, showering them with colors and slicing their skin, as if God himself broke all the windows to rain celebration of beauty and pain upon them.

In truth, they remained in silence, shadowed darkness, as if nothing about the world had changed.

But it had. Hannibal knew, everything had changed. For him, for them, for the world.

“It *is* beautiful,” he rasped, before closing the distance, wrapping his arms around the boy's back and shoulder, and pressing his soft, open lips to the wet gasp that was released by an astonished Will.

“Father.”

Hands clung to his robes immediately, as if without them, the boy would fall to his death, and Hannibal's hands quickly found their way into the sweet, soft strands of curls as he stroked through

them with intoxicated desire.

Their lips were moist as they met, swift and soft like bubbles grazing skin, and the presses were softer than the pent up need in Hannibal needed. But the boy was new, and breakable, and tasted like ripe cherries in the summer sun.

Heavenly fire.

Their kisses were light, as soft, plump lips pressed and tightened against Hannibal's mouth before they released, and found him again. The hands that gripped his robes clung beneath his arms, onto his back, and the soft noises of frantic need made Hannibal's head swim with drunken pleasure. Will was a lamb with the heart of a wolf, and Hannibal knew he was destined to open that heart and release him.

Just like this boy was meant to find him in the lonely darkness of his own making.

He grabbed the curls tighter, as his hands gripped them by the base to tilt Will's head. Opening him, and tasting those ripe, summerfruit lips with his tongue. Will moaned needingly as he opened his mouth and pressed his nose tight against Hannibal's cheek. Wanting closer, as if trying to blur their lines completely and merge through skin and bones.

The boys tongue was shy when Hannibal licked into his mouth, but the pants from his nostrils were hard and fast as he allowed Hannibal to taste along the straight rows of teeth. Then, he found the courage to meet Hannibal with his own soft, pink tongue with sweet, kitten licks that made the Priest groan. Will tasted like beautiful agony; blue sky, fresh grass, cool, cleansing water. But beneath that delightful taste of youth lay the fire and smoke that Hannibal had known to be there. The reason why Will had chosen him.

The strong hands on his back were pulling, as if trying to rip the fabric apart, as Will whimpered into his mouth and pushed against him with the entirety of his weight. The young man grew bolder with his mouth, licking openly against Hannibal's tongue as if it held the cure for everything that scorched him.

Hannibal's back was against the wooden wall, and he heard the confessional creak with their weight, as Will's hands gripped and pushed as if to try and climb him. Their mouths were open, hard with need but soft and swollen as their lips sucked and pulled and slid together.

The gripping hands released him, only to start fumbling with buttons of his robe, and Hannibal released the boy's hair to reach for his touch.

“Will,” he breathed, breaking the kiss to say the name that was already sung with every beat of his heart. But Will whined, and continued to push kisses against Hannibal's lips as his fingers struggled in the older man's grip.

“Please,” he whimpered, panting hard into every contact of their skin, as his lips pressed over Hannibal's cheek, his chin, his jaw, above where his white collar hugged his throat.

Hannibal felt the rosebud lips sliding along his skin, and blinked to steady himself, grasping the boy's shoulder. “Will,” he spoke huskily and more urgently this time, as he pushed an arm-length of distance between them.

The image nearly ruined him; messy curls, red bitten lips, heated cheeks and ocean eyes hidden by a black pool of desire.

“Father,” Will groaned, as his body trembled on his legs. “Hannibal.”

If Hannibal had believed God to be forgiving, he would have prayed for his soul, here and now. Hearing those lips speak his name was a delight surely only dealt in heaven.

His hand slid up to grab the boy's chin. “Are you untouched, Will?” he asked him, and kept his gaze steady on the younger man's. Those eyes dropped down, and Hannibal knew. He had known already.

Will clung to his robes again, and pressed his body forward. Searching for contact, skin, warmth, comfort. “Please don't stop,” he broke into Hannibal's ear, who could only wrap his arms around the boy in his arms, and feel the nuzzling nose against his jaw.

Will was a virgin.

“If you tell me to,” Hannibal breathed against the curve of an ear, and Will gasped into his throat.

“No. No.”

Hands came back to the buttons of Hannibal's robes with a new, fierce determination. He pulled back before their eyes met again, and Will blinked away the nervousness from the lustful, ocean blue.

“I-I want...” he started, as he ranked his nails over the fabric of the robe. “I know how sex works, between two men...” he whispered harshly between their skin. “I want *that*.”

Soft lips came to nip at Hannibal's throat, and the older man felt his eyes roll with the delicious, pulsing pleasure it released inside him. Will wanted him. This pure, beautiful angel offered himself up like a lump of clay to the hands of malevolence. But Hannibal was not blind. This clay hid sharp shards of glass beneath the smooth, pale surface.

There was no greater honor than to bleed for love.

Chapter End Notes

Prepare for the real sinning! ;-)

Chapter 3

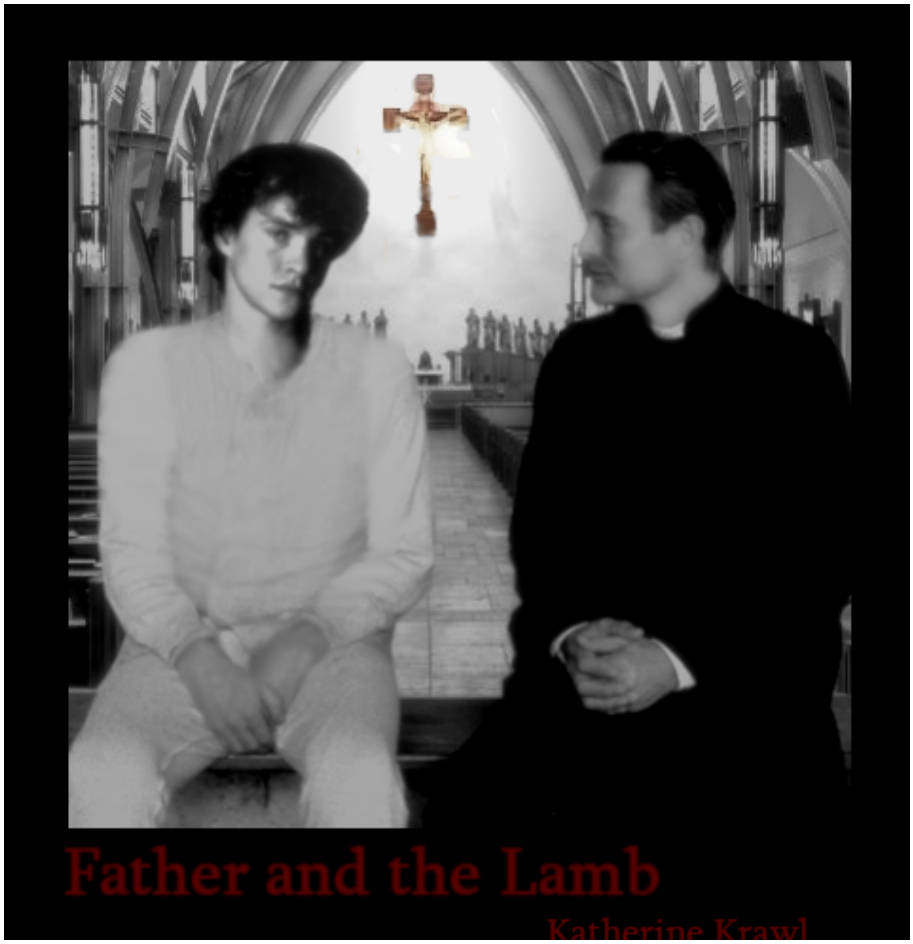
Chapter Summary

> “Go home, pack your bags, meet me here,” Hannibal instructed him, as he moved to guide Will's hips up and off his body. His hands flattened on Hannibal's chest before he could move.
>
> “My father will never let me go,” he said, and Hannibal saw those ocean eyes grow deeper, colder, to the depths of the bottom where the creatures live with sharp teeth, and bulging eyes.
>
> The boy had suffered.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Father and the Lamb
Katherine Krawl


Father and the Lamb
Katherine Krawl

Their bodies pressed close between their layers of clothing, and Hannibal could feel the hard, thick desire of the boy against his thigh. He moaned with the intoxicating feeling of that untouched, aroused body that was his to teach and explore, as Will moaned wantonly against his lips again.

“I've been waiting for you,” the boy panted against his mouth. “I had been waiting before I'd ever met you.” And frantic fingers kept working on Hannibal's buttons as the Priest mouthed the length of Will's neck. Pure as snow, smooth as cream, sweet as thick vanilla...

Hannibal reached blindly for the shirt on Will's slender frame, and pushed the buttons easily from their holes. His hands were steadier than Will's, but only barely. Hannibal's heart never sped, his body never took control over his mind; but it did now, and he enjoyed it. Will was his heavenly fragility.

Pale, smooth skin and lean muscles revealed to his eyes as he opened the shirt, and touched the trembling flesh with his starving fingers. Will buckled against his hand, as he fell forward into Hannibal's arms and buried his face against the Priest's white collar.

“Touch me,” he encouraged with a sigh that was a broken sob, and Hannibal pushed the fabric off Will's shoulders to let it fall to the confessional's wooden floor. Little nips and kisses pulled at his neck as Will opened the robes as fast as he could manage with clumsy fingers, until Hannibal's hairier, more sun-kissed and defined torso was revealed.

“Yes,” Hannibal breathed and Will shook as he reached to stroke carefully against dips and lines and hardened nipples. Hannibal groaned, as blood spread heavily to the already filled erection in his briefs, as a flush bloomed up his chest and neck. He felt vulnerable under the boy's touch, and it made him feel nourished.

Hannibal's hands roamed Will's skin as if the touch of him alone blossomed new life into the barren land within him. He felt Will's blood pumping beneath the flesh, and the short spasms of his belly when Hannibal thumbed along a rosy nipple. Then, there was a dark trail of short hair that sprung beneath his bellybutton and disappeared into the waistband of his slacks - Hannibal couldn't stop himself from running his touch up and down the patch of soft hair, as his fingers teased to dip beneath the fabric.

“Yes, please,” Will whimpered against him as he folded his arms into Hannibal's open robes to cling to bare skin, and drown in the warmth between them, pressing their chests together. Hannibal felt the boy's answering hardness against his hip, and heard him whining softly at the sensation.

An opening flower in the heat of the loving sun.

“Magnificent boy,” Hannibal hummed his praise, as he opened the button of Will's slacks and zipped down the fabric to reveal a chalk white pair of briefs, strained by the filled out lines of a cut, pink cock.

“Hannibal,” Will mouthed whimpers against his neck before pulling back, connecting their eyes with a lost, certain need, and pushing forward to find his lips again with a devastating hunger. Reconfirming their passion and commitment before the boy dared to give himself in such an intimate way. But Hannibal's desire and loyalty was irrevocably present, as he kissed the boy back with wet warmth and craving so deep that Will couldn't possibly doubt or fear him ever again. He

cupped the boy's head, the curls, the curve of his jaw, and cradled him like the fragile lifeline this cherished stranger was to his existence.

“You are Godly bliss,” Hannibal prayed against the soft skin of Will's cheek, and heard a broken moan shudder through the fragile bones. Then, a smaller hand took his, and lowered it back to the bulge inside Will's underwear.

“Touch me,” the boy begged again, and Hannibal did not waste another moment to cup the hard flesh through the cotton with light squeezing fingers. Feeling the damp heat and the firm flesh of a long, needful erection. Beneath his own, half-opened robes, his cock gave an impatient twist. “You feel so wonderful,” he confessed against a pink ear, and felt his throat thicken as the boy inhaled against his cheek.

“O-oh, please yes,” Will shuddered, as his blown out eyes met Hannibal's with astounding revelation. Ocean blue a ring around black pools of lust and need and sin. Hannibal watched the pink cheeks and damp curls and pressed their slack lips together before he allowed himself to step back, and sit down on the bench. They both needed more.

And for what he had in mind, he needed better access.

“Come here, sweet boy,” the belt loops on Will slacks provided room to hook his fingers through, and Hannibal guided him closer, pulling gently, until Will came to stand between his parted knees. He looked up at his eyes, and saw arousal leak thick from beneath the boy's heavy lashes. “Very good,” he said, smiling praise when the trace of confusion didn't scare the boy back, and brought his broad hand to rub a slow but firm trail from the front of Will's crotch, all the way to the back of his ass.

The younger man clenched fingers into Hannibal's shoulder. “Oh God,” Will moaned, trembling from curls to worn shoes as Hannibal clutched his hands into the waistband of his pants. His face was hidden behind his hair, and his cock throbbed hard against Hannibal's palm.

“Can I touch you? Taste you?” Hannibal asked him, eyes only on the magnificent view of an undone Will Graham in his arms. He desired him with such intensity that he felt his mouth salivating, and a frantic nod of Will's flushed face had him pulling the boy precipitously between his legs. He felt the warmth of his flesh, and smelled the elements on his skin. Fire and life, sweat and soap, old books, coffee and youth.

“Please, Hannibal.”

As if Will would ever need to beg him for anything.

Hannibal's fingers stroked down a smooth, pale chest before he closed his lips around one of the bright, pink and raised nipples, and felt Will's hands digging deeper into his back. He gasped in surprise at the sensation, and Hannibal hummed pleasure against the hot, wet skin as he teased the bud with his tongue and teeth, relishing the flesh while his hands came up to caress the boy's thighs and ass.

Hannibal stroked the smooth skin and traced his fingers over the bulge in Will's briefs before hands came to grasp his slicked-back hair with a strong, stuttering pull. Will's legs struggled to support him as he hissed air through his teeth. “Touch me. Taste me. Stop torturing me,” he bit brokenly and Hannibal released a proud chuckle before he pulled down the elastic waistband, and freed the younger man's cock and balls from their white, cotton confinement.

Oh, he was perfection.

Will was exquisite.

Flushed pink, shining wet around the head - the fuzzy skin of his balls already pulled up against his body - Will was a forbidden fruit. He was bigger than Hannibal had expected, filled up and out with lust and blood until he was a good two hands full. Silk and hard, pink and wet, proudly curved up and surrounded by a gentle patch of short, dark hair.

“Will,” Hannibal groaned almost wildly against the boy's belly, before sinking to his knees on the wooden floor and searching out the dripping slit of the head with his mouth. Losing himself in the need to taste. His hands were on the boy's belly as he dipped his head, ran his tongue up the head and brought the taste of salt and man and sex into his impatient mouth.

“God OH,” Will keened, gripping him tightly by the hair as he looked down his body where Hannibal's mouth folded around the head of his cock. Licking and sucking around the flesh as he took him further, deeper. “God, H-Hannibal.”

The boy was overwhelmed, but those clenching fingers demanded more all the same, and Hannibal knew he would never allow him stop now. He folded his mouth around the boy, until the head nudged the back of his throat, allowing himself to feel every shiver and whimper that released through Will's skin.

And Hannibal never wanted to stop: the taste of innocent sin, the heat, the silk flesh on his tongue... it was Hannibal's surrender. Will was nerves and pumping blood and fragile bones, and Hannibal didn't just want to have him. He wanted to cherish him, worship him, in the house of his Lord.

Hannibal swallowed him, working the muscles of his throat around the thick shaft, as he hummed around the heavy weight and girth in his mouth. He suckled him, teasing, as his throat contracted and squeezed Will's erection with a wet, tight grasp.

“Jesus Christ,” Will spat God's name in vain under the pleasure Hannibal gripped around him, and the Priest's eyes looked up to see the broken boy looking down upon him. Will's face was shining with perspiration that stuck his curls to his forehead, and his lips were swollen, bitten red, open where his long lashes continued to flutter shut.

Angel.

Hannibal felt powerful.

He slid his lips up and down the shaft in his mouth, as his hands reached down to feel out the pockets of his robe. There was a rosary in there, a small bible and a bottle of myrrh he used to fill the thurible.

The oil would do.

Will shook on his knees when Hannibal brought up his hands to cup the soft skin of the younger man's balls. The boy was a virgin, and undoubtedly had lived his life a devout servant of his God. His body was oversensitive to this kind of stimulation, but very likely quick in its recovery. In his loyal visits to church, Will had after all long proven he had stamina, and was starving for touch.

He squeezed the tight balls gently in his palm as he sucked Will tight and wet, with long strokes in and quick strokes out; touching all the sensitive parts beneath the head and up the slit with the lapping of his tongue.

“OH. Father... s-s-st-...”

Will was overcome with his orgasm. He didn't speak or make a noise. He simply dug his nails into Hannibal's skull and froze hard and tight, before his hips started to contract. Hannibal felt the harsh sting, tasted the flood of semen on his tongue, and closed his eyes at the essence of Will. Pure as well as dark. An easy silkiness with a bitter claw.

Perfect boy.

“F-Father,” Will stuttered, as he looked down at Hannibal between his legs, licking him clean. His face was now a violent shade of red as his fingers undid themselves from Hannibal's hair. Beneath his nails, there was red. “H-Hannibal.” The boy was a weak-bellied, shivering mess, and Hannibal quickly rose to his feet to catch him in his embrace. Kissing him full on his sweet, open mouth and allowing him to share the taste of his release.

Their lips smacked together, wet, needful and desperately frail with pleasure as Hannibal held Will's weight in his arm. The boy clung around his neck, and his teeth pulled on Hannibal's lips with a fiery urge to communicate.

“I wanted to give you everything,” Will moaned between endless rows of kisses, “I-I didn't mean to...”

Hannibal smiled against the greedy mouth. “We *can* have everything,” he assured the writhing boy in his arms, before he pulled back and wiped the hair from Will's face with carted fingers. “If you want it, still?”

Their eyes met deep, two bottomless pools of nothing but the other, and Will gasped his answer when Hannibal spun him in his arms, and pressed the curve of his hidden, hard cock between the cleft of Will's ass. The robe was still between them, but the shape of him was large enough for the younger man to feel.

He held Will with a hand on his chest and one on his abdomen as he nuzzled the younger man's ear with both lust and red blooded affection. He kissed behind the shell, before he sank back unto his knees with an effortless grace, hands traveling down as he trailed soft kisses down Will's curved spine. His lower back, the swell of his ass, the cleft between his cheeks...

… a meaningful lick between the mounds of flesh.

Will tensed hard in his grasp and cried out a disbelieving: “Hannibal”, while pushing back against his face with a helpless stutter of his hips. Hannibal smiled at the undeniable eagerness that hid inside the boy's shock. Will had said he knew how two men had sex, but knowing what autonomy was involved was not full knowledge one needed to possess when engaging in such an activity.

Hannibal knew. He had never felt more blessed.

His hands parted Will's round, smooth cheeks until his pink pucker was revealed to his eyes, and Hannibal reveled at the sight. Clenching under the attention, his little hole was shut tight and shy pink, and enough to make Hannibal's head spin with self control, and desire. The cheeks in his

hands were warm and soft, and Hannibal couldn't stop himself from biting lightly into the plump flesh before him. Such sinful, ripe beauty with the scent of savage paradise.

“Ow,” Will jolted with half a chuckle, as he let out a surprised yelp and looked over his shoulder, but Hannibal let his hands push against the boy's inner legs, guiding him to spread them further. He obeyed, parting his thighs and moaning under his breath as Hannibal ran his nose between the cleft and used his hands to open him further.

Touch me. Taste me. The boy had begged him for it.

Hannibal heard the boy's shocked moan when he pressed his soft, relaxed tongue against the fluttering hole, as Will caught himself with both hands against the wall, stumbling and shuddering against Hannibal's mouth.

“Uhh,” Will gasped, as he hid face into the arms that supported him, but Hannibal did not mistake his passion for shame, because shy the boy was not. Will raised himself on his toes to push back against the exploring tongue that was licking the ring of muscles, and the Priest had to hold on to Will's hips with both hands to keep him from buckling against his face.

Hannibal pushed past the sweet, eager rim, and felt it clenching hard around the muscle. “Han... Ha...” the boy quivered, fisting his own hair as he panted open-mouthed against the wooden wall of the confessional.

Hannibal's slick, hot tongue coaxed the boy to open, so he could feel inside, and taste Will with worshiping licks. He was ripe fruit and thorns all at once, and Hannibal pushed as far into him as he could reach. Feeling the muscles tense and relax around him, as if quickly familiarizing with the intruder.

Will wanted it. He wasn't afraid. Not of the pleasure, not of the pain.

Reaching back into his robes, Hannibal withdrew his tongue to place sweet, wet kisses along the curve of Will's ass, as his fingers searched for the little glass bottle of myrrh. It wasn't the first choice for lubricant, but was it would suffice, and Hannibal took real pleasure in the idea that the whole church would still be able to smell them tomorrow morning as they came in to pray. Myrrh and semen and sin.

Hannibal kissed the base of Will's spine before he pulled away, and watched the boy squirm in search for his touch. Needing more. As Hannibal had predicted, Will was already rock hard and standing proud, and he had to stop himself from wrapping his hand around the leaking shaft.

Hannibal twisted the cork from the bottle of myrrh, and poured some on his fingers. The scent was released inside the booth, and Will instantly turned his head to look down his shoulder. Incense. It smelled like heavy incense, the Sunday mass, Jesus Christ on the cross. Not anymore.

Will whined when he watched Hannibal slick his fingers with the oil, and only arched his back further rather than being turned off by the strong scent of his religion. As Hannibal had suspected from the hiding boy, this was only adding to the sexual thrill of the experience.

Hannibal felt a shiver shaking the boy's spine as he spread his cheeks wide, and searched out the waiting, clenching hole with his finger. Like a shy but eager little thing, it flinched when he touched it with his slick digit, and traced around the pink ring that swiftly became slippery and shiny.

“I'll be gentle,” he promised Will against his lower back, and the younger man grunted in response. Saying nothing, but wriggling impatiently against Hannibal's face to express all he needed to. He hissed when Hannibal pressed against the entrance, and his index finger slid past the tight ring, into the clenching, smooth opening.

“Fuck,” Will cursed, and Hannibal felt the boy's body tighten at his own sinful mouth. But it didn't matter anymore. Not when the boy was pressed against the wall of a confessional, with his Priest's finger inside him.

Will only wriggled his hips for a better access, and moaned when his body hungrily accepted Hannibal in further. Up to the knuckle, Will was pushing himself against the slick finger, and Hannibal gritted his teeth at the flaming arousal with which the sight and feel were wrecking him.

He ignored his own, painful cock as he searched his way in with his middle finger, and watched it disappear into the tight flesh beside the other as Will's head thudded against the wall with every move of his hips. Lost and gone and completely converted.

“Hannibal,” he moaned when the Priest wriggled his fingers teasingly inside of him, and brushed up against the little nub of his prostate. The boy gasped and writhed on Hannibal's hand as he moved against that blinding spot inside of him with gentle, little taps.

“More?” he teased, already knowing Will's answer. The boy let out a primal grunt, both angry and pleading, and Hannibal bit his lip in satisfaction before he started working his fingers fast and swift into Will's willing body.

Another finger, sliding over that little, swelling prostate that left Will absolutely devastated in his arms as he loved the boy from deep within, and showed him what God certainly would not.

This, them together, was the cure for the ache that had haunted them both.

Hannibal pressed his tongue back inside, beside the three probing fingers, and despite the harsh taste of the myrrh, he was still able to find that sweet, pure musk of Will's body. Lapping at the wailing boy's opening, he used one free hand to open the last buttons of his robes.

Will positively sobbed when Hannibal pulled his hands back, and watched the pucker close before him. Then, he stood, and watched how Will turned to him with desperate kisses. “I want you,” he breathed as their lips pushed together with frantic presses. “I love you,” the younger man slid his arms into the robe, and linked them around Hannibal's back. “I need you.”

The words were scandalous. Something Hannibal should have denied or repent. Something he should have protected the boy of. But he only hummed his agreement against Will's sweet tongue, as he squeezed him tighter in his arms.

Yes, Will. All of that.

Hands rubbed down Hannibal's belly, and the younger man pulled back with the realization that the Priest was now left naked beneath his open robes. Both men looked down at the lean, strong form of Hannibal's body, with the dark patches of hair that ran from his chest to his belly, to the root of his cock.

Will breathed hard and wet against him as he reached trembling fingers between them. “C-Can I?” he asked, flickering his eyes up to Hannibal's before bringing them back down to the impressive

length between them. Hannibal was hard, purple red and leaking. He was thick and long with blue veins running up his shaft.

Will was mesmerized.

A hesitant touch slid along the swollen, red head that was leaking pearly fluid, and Hannibal bit the inside of his lip at the light, exploring touches that followed along his length. Will looked at the cock in his hands, squeezing experimentally, before he sank to his hinges before the Priest. “Will...” Hannibal warned, as the young man seemed to study him from up close, and buried his nose in his pubic hair.

“God, Will.”

He was smelling him.

A hint of tongue flickered over the head, and Hannibal gripped the brown curls to keep himself upright.

He was tasting him.

“Will...”

Click

From the other side of the door erupted the sound of the church door being opened, and falling shut.
Someone had come into the church.

“Fuck.”

With one swift movement, Will was on his feet, pressing against Hannibal with large eyes and a sweet, rosy pout.

It was late, but there were the occasional elderly people that came to look for a friendly face every hour of the day. The people who stopped by after work to pray away their office affairs.

It didn't matter; they were beneath them. All of them.

“Shh,” he hushed the boy in his arms, as he brushed a silent kiss against those perched lips. He stepped back and pulled Will along as he came back down to sit on the bench, and lifted the smaller man to straddle his lap.

To Hell with whatever lay outside these thin curtains. They were having this, and they were having it now.

Will's enthusiasm showed through a suppressed cry, as he buried his face in Hannibal's neck and started rolling his hips and rutting their cocks together. “Yes, yes...” His wanton whispers were enough to make Hannibal's eyes roll, as he grabbed hold of the writhing body against him with both hands.

“Let me...” he grunted, reaching back for the bottle of scented oil as Will rose on his knees and watched as Hannibal slicked up the thick, impatient cock between his legs. The contact was enough to make the slit drip, and the Priest knew this was going to be about willpower more than stamina.

Will made every nerve burn inside him like glowing coals on a cold winter's night.

The boy breathed high in his chest as Hannibal pulled back to look at him. Eyes wide, lips trembling, Will looked at him with stars in his eyes before he pressed their foreheads together. “Father,” he breathed. “Hannibal.”

Their lips smashed hard, teeth and tongue and rattling bones. “Give me everything,” the younger man moaned hoarsely, and let his head fall to the side when Hannibal's brushed kisses along the length of his pale neck and throat.

Hannibal reached for his own cock to position against the slicked entrance of Will's loosened hole, and placed a guiding hand on the boy's hips as he slowly impaled him. At the feeling of the large, wide tip, Will's voice broke to a gritted gasp as he was sinking down the length of Hannibal's cock. Careful and easy, if not for the incredibly tight grip.

The hot pressure around Hannibal's cock was maddening, cruel and shattering as he folded himself around Will, and stroked the back of the shuddering body in his arms. The heartbeat in Will's chest pounded hard and fast against Hannibal's skin, as his body opened up to him and allowed the Priest to slide all the way inside. Will pushed back, sheathing himself as he scratched his nails against the robes on Hannibal's back. “Fuck. Fuck.”

Teeth ranked over Hannibal's ear, and he growled low in his throat as he gripped the stilling hips, urging Will to move back up over his squeezed cock. “Will,” he gasped when the boy clenched around him and moved back over him to push down again.

“Oh.” Hannibal watched the riding angel on his lap with dazed adoration and touched Will's flushed, hot cheeks to feel the muscles move beneath the skin. No clenching. No pain. Eyes blown black and fluttering, closed or opening up, and burning on him... Will was in ecstasy.

They were blurring. Blending. Dancing, as if it was all they had ever done. Will allowed them everything as he took him deep and full, or short and fast, and rolled his hips like he was riding a galloping horse.

The boy's back arched, and his hands pressed against Hannibal's damp chest hair, watching Will's head tilt back, and his mouth open with pleasure as he took him with confidence. Hannibal knew Will had played this fantasy in his bedroom, with fingers or objects substituting for Hannibal's form. It explained that confidence, as did it explain the wild glee of finally feeling the true pleasure of melting together with the one person that fits.

Will had been a virgin, but he was surely no innocent.

“You feel...” Will gasped, as his fingers pawed weakly at the white collar that still clung to Hannibal's neck. “Inside me, you feel...” Chocolate curls bounced and Will's eyes were hazed with pleasure and awe as his swollen lips were bitten down by his own, small teeth. The thoughts were unfinished sobs of need that required no translation for Hannibal. He reached forward to bite that lower lip himself, as he grasped the underside of Will's working thighs.

Thrusting up harder, giving him more, Hannibal drowned in the tight heat that was Will. All sweet torture and blissful burns as his head swam with the scent of them, the myrrh, the pace that slapped their skin together and the soft smoothness of cream and peach flesh.

Another tasting kiss, another set of fingernails scraping over skin and breathless moans of the pleasure that had dug into their bones with claws sharp enough to damage, forever.

The people in the church were forgotten, as the darkness hid them from the eyes of all, but the Lord's. Hannibal had always believed in the mighty existence of God. He had always felt and beheld him in the beauty of the darkness. But never had he feared him. Never had he believed him to be righteous, or fair. Never had he believed him to be greater than he, himself, could ever be.

Will released a throaty moan when Hannibal pushed short and fast against his prostate, bringing Heaven and Hell upon the wrecked boy as he palmed the leaking cock that rubbed against his stomach. Will was drenched, and biting his tongue to keep from wailing as their bodies moved frantically, wild against each other.

Skin was soaked with rolling sweat as Will clenched around Hannibal's shaft with little mercy, and both knew this couldn't last much longer. Will was sensitive to the point of crying fat tears from his ocean eyes, and Hannibal was clinging to sanity and control with slippery fingers.

Hannibal's hands pumped the pink, hot cock barely twice before the boy stuttered, clenched, tensed in his arms and choked on his name. “Hannibal...”

Will's muscles spasmed violently around him as semen began to spurt over Hannibal's hands, and he snapped his hips up into the throttling hold to feel his own body surrender to the pleasure that was Will.

Clawing, scorching release shot from his cock to his thighs, to his toes, and up his belly, his neck, jolting and pulsing in his fingers... Golden light surrounded them as he pushed up, and filled Will Graham with every last drop of his seed. Claiming him. Marking him.

His.

Will's semen hit the Priest's belly and chest as he let out a cry that got stuck in his throat. Holding on to him as they rode out the sharp pleasure, quick and hard, until his insides were coated with Hannibal's warm seed.

“Oh. Oh God,” Will whimpered, falling forward and trusting Hannibal to catch him. He did.

He always would.

Heavy panting warmed Hannibal's neck as the boy allowed his weight to fall against him, and snuggled into the caressing hands of the Priest. That intense bliss set heavily upon them as Hannibal slowed his hips.

“This is what I wanted,” Will hummed deeply satisfied against his skin, and Hannibal inhaled the scent of tickling curls.

He swallowed down his fluttering heart, as he planted a kiss to the soft hair. “We both did,” he confessed blissfully.

They stayed connected. Warm and wet in the darkness. Outside, the church door fell shut. Another person entering, or the first one leaving. They didn't know, nor was there room to care.

Hannibal held the boy in his arms, caressing his skin and feeling his heart slowing as they sat in silence. He wouldn't let him go. Not now. Nor the day Will's eyes would widen, and he would stutter about sin and mistake; should that day come, there was nothing Hannibal wouldn't do to bring him back here, into his arms. Nothing.

“Can I stay with you?” Will's voice was small but clear against his skin, before he pushed back a little to connect their eyes. Still dark, still filled with stars.

“I want to stay with you,” Will said, determined now as the question fell away, and Hannibal's hands came up to cup the sweet face. Of course Will would stay with him. It was the how and where that were the questions to answer.

Hannibal's lips pulled up and his thumbs traced the cheekbones. “Even if that means we have to leave this church?” he asked him. “Even if that means we will have to run away and hide from the world for a while?”

They would pack a bag, take a plane, rent a cabin and enjoy each other as the world forgot about them. Then, they could choose to be whatever they wished. Do whatever they pleased.

“I know you are not really a Priest,” Will whispered, a hint of uncertainty around the pull of his eyes. Hannibal's finger brushed the soft lower lip.

“I'm as much a Priest as any other,” he spoke truthfully. He was a Priest. The job did not come with a need for conviction. All it required was the right actions, the proper words.

“I see you,” Will said, as his own fingers came to trace the curve of light eyebrows. “I see the darkness.”

The whispered words made Hannibal's skin glow with delight. To be seen was what he had always yearned for. To be understood, beyond the human mask.

“I know that you are not with God,” Will said, smoothing the wrinkles on Hannibal's forehead with gentle eyes. “And yet, my heart belongs to you, and you alone.”

Hannibal felt the clawing grip around his chest, as he tightened fingers in Will's curls.

“Run with me?” he asked him and Will smiled a fiery gold upon him.

“I will follow you to Hell,” he promised, and gasped when Hannibal pulled his hair to connect their mouths. Teeth to teeth and hasty lips.

“Go home, pack your bags, meet me here,” Hannibal instructed him, as he moved to guide Will's hips up and off his body. A trickle of semen ran down a pale thigh as the boy moaned pitifully at the loss. His hands flattened on Hannibal's chest before he could move.

“My father will never let me go,” he said, and Hannibal saw those ocean eyes grow deeper, colder, to the depths of the bottom where the creatures live with sharp teeth, and bulging eyes.

The boy had suffered.

“I would like to meet your father,” Hannibal said, wondering how well Will truly understood what that meant. How much he knew when he looked, and how clearly he could see behind the veil.

But Will looked at him, and opened the door into his troubled soul. Will understood. Will wanted this. Will wanted to be saved.

“I think you should.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it!

End Notes

All my Love!!!!

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